By BERTA RUCK Author of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "The Arrant Rover," Etc. Copyright, 1928, Dodd, Mead & Co.

Still, his conscious mind would not permit the thought that all his man's susceptibility was brushwood to the flame of her woman's attraction. And yet, every moment, that flame crept nearer to that dry brushwood. Only a spark was needed to set alight a revealing blaze!

Mrs. Carmichael, meanwhile, sped to the small bedroom behind the dining room where was the telephone with its private wire to her office. She drew an excited breath: for the reason her

room where was the telephone with its private wire to her office. She drew an excited breath: for the reason her manager stayed thus late at her office tonight was that Elphinstone Brothers awaited news from that same Brazilian firm whom Clover and the manager had discussed on the day of the dance at the Galleries. The Brazilian firm, in dealings with which her firm was now involved, was expected to suggest further dealings.

Explained, suddenly conscious of tension in the air; tension that simmered about Carmichael, so a heat-haze over the summer horizon. "Business, you know, business! What it is to be a relentless manager!"

"Did he dictate to you, Clover?"

Carmichael asked in an uncertain voice.

Much he cared what had passed over the telephone just now! Only he felt

involved, was expected to suggest further dealings.
Clover took up the telephone receiver.
"Hullo! Is Mr. Wright there?"
"Wright speaking, Mrs. Carmichael.
That message has just come through from those people."
"Yes?"

"They are sending that contract over "In the meantime they ask us to

"Fr-Mrs. Elph-Mrs. Carmichael!"

"Well?"

"I-er-I shall have a few words with you tomorrow morning before doing anything further in the matter?"

And she said, quite softly although quite distinctly. "What, darling?"

At last. There was the spark that few. doing anything further in the matter?"
"No. I don't think it's necessary.

"There's nothing more to discuss.

She laughed a little excitedly. "It's going to be all right. I am the complete bone setter, Mr. Wright!"

"The what, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"The house was quiet enough. It had ceased to reverberate with those ways after-rimles of sound that

who work these wonderful cures: You head, he uttered, aloud to himself and other people are like the Harley street; specialist, so eminent, so well qualified, but not able to do my miracle! Are you? I know this deal will be lucky—I must go; I have a party here, Good-nght!"

"But, Mrs. Car—"

"It's all right You understand? (Table quiet, what he stared at was his vision)

her "ray" seemed to burn so brightly. Never had she been so aware in every flor of her woman's frame that good fortune was all around her and about her. How that offer of those Brazillans stimulated her, and what a feather that business would prove in the paper-rack, there rose now images of the name of all that was timid and

She sat down at the writing table to marry me."

She sat down at the writing table to marry me."

It was in her mind. Having written it and addressed the envelope, and marked it "urgent," she waited for a while before returning to her guests.

Let that little old fat Sir Algernon with the state of the s

The party was a thorough success.
The pa so tall him anything else.) She felt. who had played her part under a thoulowever, one little tinge of compuncsand eyes, her steady cool hand in
lane. Why had she not given him a
line. \*\* till death us do part, and

solve in dress clothes of an ultrasolven cut and with a white, perkedby tie, tied as only one hand she knew
by tie it. Bobby Llewelyn did, in
language of his cult, "understand"

Couple; indde-aged; the man typically
Naval. square built, blue, rowing eye
and voice, that voice carried above the
gentle hum of the throng. He had
pointed out Clover to his wife:

"Ripping pretty girl that, look.
Honeymooners!"

te held out his hand with that tender roach with which some men approach

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming young scidose, who has inherited a by business. Harried by relatives and friends who weamt to spend her money, and suitors who weamt to marry her for it, she decides to marry a 'husband for concenience,' to fend off 'the harpice,' and picks

MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL, World War veteran, man of personality, and suitors who want is invented a new man, to finance which he agrees to Clover's "irricity business" proposities, and pretty girl of the period.

MRS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has befriended Clover in adversity and isonewerd with favors.

ROSEMARY MEADOWS, Clover's courin, a pretty girl of the period.

MRS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has befriended Clover in adversity and isonewerd with favors.

RANDAL, younger daughter, a fasper.

Her Share of the Bargain of the Bargain of the monocle. "You should leave these things to us coarser fibered brutes of men, my dear lady!"

Laughing prettily, Clover, in her pleaming gown, moved to the doornaming form the dining sown, whether to be stung or relieved that he wished to exchange a glance of what? Partnership? Triumph's said, "Thank you," but did not look at him. Thank you," but did not look at him. Returning to the table he did not know whether to be stung or relieved that she had not looked. She could look at anybody clse. But—what? Partnership? Triumph's said, why, he asked himself, should he worry? She was loyally carrying out her share of the bargain. That she should give him a kindly glance just when he felt like it was not in the bond.

Still, his conscious mind would not permit the thought that all his man's succeptibility was brashwood to the fiame of her woman's attraction. And and dropped; clove the was again, close to Clover, in her and the will be that of a second, in pure the couple came down, faced the succeptibility was brashwood to the fiame of her woman's attraction. And and dropped; clove to Cornelchael's direction of a second, in pure the proper women, that fiame credits of the proper women, that fiame credits a

Much he cared what had passed over the telephone just now! Only he felt suddenly that he must speak to her, must use her name, must induce her to turn her eyes upon him, must at least seem (before other people) to stand for something more than a mere manager or other employe in the life of this perverse girl who intrigued him past all bearing. So near, now, was the brush-wood to the flame! Clover's glance swept past the tense face of her husband-in-name to the

"In the meantime they ask us to cable acceptance immediately."
"Good!" exclaimed Clover again.
"You will do that the first thing in the morning, then, Mr. Wright."
Mr. Wright's conscientious middle-aged voice came back hesitatingly, even with a hint of rebuke.

"Er-Mrs. Elph-Mrs. Carmichael!"
"Well?"

Clover's glance swept past the tense face of her husband-in-name to the face of the other man and of the other woman. She felt they waited upon her words, waited to form some judgment from them. She turned her eys audaciously, definitely, to meet the eyes of Harry Carmichael.

And she said, quite softly although

A Curfew to Passion

"No. I don't think it's necessary.
was not going to be at the office tomorrow. You know what to cable."
"But——" Consternation sounded in the manager's tone. "I would rather not cable before discussing this, Mrs. Carmichael. The fact is I am not at Equally mechanically he took out his all the second of the control of the all sure pipe, but he did not light to the sat, perfectly not even look at it. He sat, perfectly and it staring intently at nothing. pipe, but he did not light it. He did

"The what, Mrs. Carmichael?"
She laughed again, visualizing the face at the other end of the telephone: the bearded, kindly, shrewd, harried face of the man looking upon the pranks of some brilliant child. She was often a fearful trial to poor old Mr. Wright, she knew that.

But surely he ought to be accustomed by now to her erratic ways, her flights, her coups that did, after all, always come off! She called, "I say. I feel like one of those bonesetters who work these wonderful cures! You other people are like the Harley street."

had ceased to reverberate with those vague after-ripples of sound that spread even when the gathering that caused them is no more. Clover's house-warming that had been such a success, had come to an end. The music was over; the buzz of farewells, the purring and hooting of departing cars. All the household had gone to bed. Only Carmichael sat there as if he suddenly lacked impetus to do anything else. One elbow on the arm of the chair, his palm held against his bead, he uttered, aloud to himself and several times repeated, these words:

"It's all right. You understand? Cable acceptance the first thing in the morning. If it would make you feel more comfortable about it, I'll send down a note by special messenger, confirming this. Good-night!"

She range of early moved away her.

Gradult, what he stared at was his vision of this girl he had married. Now at lest he saw what she was to him, and what she had always been to him—since when? He could not tell. The silent room seemed faintly sweet, still, from her presence. Still, in his mind, this. Good-night!"

She rang off and moved away, her keed high, her gray eyes alight.

Never had Clover Yelt so sure of her fiare as she did tonight. Never had her "ray" seemed to burn so brightly.

tion. Why had she not given him a fance, a smile of encouragement and congratulation at the dining room door? It would have been a little thing! He had looked for it.

Then she said to herself: "Why should I? I've done my absolute best for him. He's hathing to me but the 'husband.' Why should I bother?"

She went to the glass above the mantelpiace, touched her hair, her pearlatring. She heard the front door open. She waited a while.

Then, when she came into the hall, the found herself confronting a dapper

be found herself confronting a dapper couple; middle-aged; the man typically

CONTINUED TOMORROW



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—What Is the Boss' Son Fitted For?

YES

POPPER

NOW MY BOY I AINT

WORK IN THE ORFICE

YOU TO LOOK 'ROUND AN'

YET BUT MEANWHILE I WANT

USE Y'HEAD A BIT. SEE IF

YOU CAN THINK OF ANY THING

TO IMPROVE THE PLACE.

By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office THATS THE BEST THING I COULD DO MAKES THE PLACE SET MYTHING YOU THINK TO FIND WHAT HE'S FITTED FOR. WILL HELP THE EFFICIENCY SO MUCH MORE OF THE ORFICE FORCE, WHAT I WANT TO SEE IS HOW YOUR LIGHT UP AT BEING TRUSTED WITH CHEERFUL POPPER RESPONSIBILTY, A CHIP OFF THE COLD BLOCK: I REMEMBER HOW PROUD DON'T THEY POPPER IDEAS RUN. LET ME SEE HOW I WAS WHEN I WAS FIRST GIVEN T'MIND WORKS, HERE'S TWEATY RESPONSIBILTY! HA-HA! FIVE DOLLARS - LET ME KNOW JUST LIKE HIS T IF Y'NEED MORE. OLD DAD ! Copyright, 1998, by Public Langer Co.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says we make the best steam engines in America, and she supposes that's the reason Sir Thomas Lipton's yachts never win the

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By FONTAINE FOX THE SKIPPER STOPPED THE CAR A LITTLE BIT TOO NEAR THE R.R. TRACKS AT FINGER CROSSING AND THE FAST TRAIN RUSHING BY BLEW THE CAR RIGHT OFF THE

TRACKS; BLEW THE STOVE PIPE OFF THE CAR, AND THE SKIPPER NEVER HAS FOUND HIS CAP!

Bu DWIG SCHOOL DAYS AND PLAT, A I JUST FILLED THE WOODBOX AND BRUN SPELL - DON'T GO WATER AND CHOPT UP MY HINDLING IS THERE ANY ERRAMOS YOU WAN? ME TO RUN, OR ANT THING , MAW DAY BY DAY, IN EVERY WAY, HE'S GETTING BETTER AND BETTER

PETEY—Go to the Head of the Class





By C. A. Voight CA Viibu-

- HUH- WHO ELSE

COULD AFFORD A

TON OF COAL?

BUT A BOOTLEGGER